

THE EPISTLE.

much as will make you thinke your tasterne well bestowed) but for so much worth, as euen poore I know to be stufte in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best Comedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleue this, that when hee is gone, and his Comedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English Inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perrill of your pleasures losse, and Iudgements, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being sullied, with the smoaky breath of the multitude; but thinke fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you. Since by the grand possessors wills I beleue you should haue prayd for them rather then beene prayd. And so I leaue all such to be prayd for (for the states of their wits healths)

that will not praise it.  
Vale.

The history of *Troilus*  
and *Cresseida*.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

*Troy.* Call heere my varlet, Ile vnarme againe,  
Why should I warre without the walls of Troy:  
That finde such cruell battell here within,  
Each Troyan that is maister of his heart,  
Let him to field *Troilus* alas hath none.

*Pan.* Will this geere nere be mended?

*Troy.* The Greeks are strong and skilfull to their strength  
Fierce to their skill, and to their fiercenesse valiant,  
But I am weaker then a womans teare;  
Tamer then sleepe; fonder then ignorance,  
Lesse valiant then the Virgin in the night,  
And skillelesse as vnpractiz'd infancy:

*Pan.* Well, I haue told you enough of this; for my part ile  
not meddle nor make no farther; hee that will haue a cake  
out of the wheate must tarry the grynding.

*Tro.* Haue I not tarried?

*Pan.* I the grinding; but you must tarry the boulting.

*Troy.* Haue I not tarried?

*Pande.* I the boulting; but you must tarry the leauening.

*Troy.* Still haue I tarried.

*Pan.* I, to the leauening, but heares yet in the word here-  
after, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating the  
ouen, and the baking, nay you must stay the cooling too, or  
yea may chance burne your lippes.

*Troy.* Patience her selfe, what Godesse ere she be,  
Doth lesse blench at suffrance then I do:

At Priams royall table do I sit

And when faire *Cressid* comes into my thoughts,  
So that or then she comes when she is thence.

*Pand.* Well shee lookt yesternight fairer then euer I saw her  
looke, or any woman els.

*Troy.* I was about to tell thee when my heart,

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